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From *Stand on Zanzibar*

BY JOHN BRUNNER

the happening world (1)

READ THE DIRECTIONS

For toDAY third of MAY twenty-TEN ManhatTEN reports mild spring-type weather under the Fuller Dome. Ditto on the General Technics Plaza.

But Shalmaneser is a Micryogenic ® computer bathed in liquid helium and it's cold in his vault.

(DITTO Use it! The mental process involved is exactly analogous to the bandwidth-saving technique employed for your phone. If you've seen the scene you've seen the scene and there's too much new information for you to waste time looking it over more than once. Use "ditto." Use it!

—*The Hipcrime Vocab* by Chad C. Mulligan)

Less of a machine, more of a human being, but partaking of the nature of both, Georgette Tallon Buckfast is largely supported by prosthetics in her ninety-first year.

When the strain becomes TOO MUCH it's because Hitrip of California bred it to have less stalk per ounce, more clean-queen leaf. Ask "The Man who's Married to Mary Jane"!

Eric Ellerman is a plant geneticist with three daughters who's scared because his wife has developed a permanent pot-belly.

... and Puerto Rico today became the latest state to ratify the controversial dichromatism provision of United States eugenic legislation.

This leaves only two havens for those who wish to bear disadvantaged children: Nevada and Louisiana. The defeat of the baby-farming lobby removes a long-time stigma from the fair brow of the Junior-but-One State—a congenital stigma, one may say, since the J-but-O State's accession to hoodness coincided almost to the day with the first eugenic legislation concerned with haemophilia, phenylketonuria and congenital imbecility. . . ."

Poppy Shelton has believed in miracles for years, but now there's one happening right inside her body and the real world is leaning on her dreams.

THE DIFFICULT WE DO AT ONCE. THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES A LITTLE LONGER.

—Base version of General Technics motto

Norman Niblock House is junior VP in charge of personnel and recruitment at General Technics.

"One fraction of a second, please—participant breakin coming up. Remember that only SCANALYZER's participant breakin service is processed by General Technics' Shalmaneser, the more correct response in the shorter quantum of time. . . ."

Guinevere Steel's real name is Dwiggin, but do you blame her?

Do your slax sufficiently convey your natural power—at a glance?

If you're wearing MasQ-Lines, the answer's yes. Tired of half measures, we at MasQ-Line Corp have put the codpiece back where it belongs, to say to the shiggies not kidder but codder.

Sheena and Frank Potter are all packed ready to leave for Puerto Rico because a green and a red light are just lights to him.

"Two participant breakins! Number one: sorree, friend, but no—we are not wrong to say Puerto Rico's decision leaves a mere two havens for the dissident. Isola does enjoy stathood, but the whole area of the Pacific its islands occupy is under martial law and you don't get a pass for other than martial reasons. Thanks for asking us, though, it's the way of the world,

you're my environment and I am yours, which is why we operate SCAN-ALYZER as a two-way process. . . ."

Arthur Golightly doesn't mind not being able to remember where he put things. Looking for them, he always finds other things he'd forgotten he had.

THE DIFFICULT WE DID YESTERDAY. THE IMPOSSIBLE WE'RE DOING RIGHT NOW.

—Current version of General Technics motto

Donald Hogan is a spy.

"Number the other: dichromatism is what's commonly called color-blindness, and it is sure as sidereal time a congenital disability. Thank you, participant, thank you."

Stal (short for Stallion) Lucas is a yonderboy, weighed, measured, and freeflying all the way.

(IMPOSSIBLE Means: 1 I wouldn't like it and when it happens I won't approve; 2 I can't be bothered; 3 God can't be bothered. Meaning 3 may perhaps be valid but the others are 101% whaledreck.

—*The Hipcrime Vocab* by Chad C. Mulligan)

Philip Peterson is twenty years old.

Are you undermined by an old-style autoshout unit, one that needs constant reprogramming by hand if it's not to call you for items that were de-scheduled last week? GT's revolutionary new autoshout reprograms itself!

Sasha Peterson is Philip's mother.

"Turning to a related subject, rioting crowds today stormed a Right Catholic church in Malmö, Sweden, while early mass was in progress. Casualty lists suggest a death toll of over forty including the priest and many children. From his palace in Madrid Pope Eglantine accused rival Pope Thomas of deliberately fomenting this and other recent uprisings, a charge vigorously denied by Vatican authorities."

Victor and Mary Whatmough were born in the same country and have been married twenty years—she for the second time, he for the third.

What you want to do when you see her in her Forlon-Morler Maxess costumelet

Is what she wants you to do when you see her in her Forlon-Morler Maxess costumelet

If she didn't, she wouldn't have put it on

Maximal access is no exaggeration when you spell It MAXESS

Style illustrated is "Courtesan"

But you should see "Tart"

What there is of it

Elihu Masters is currently United States Ambassador to the one-time British colony of Beninia.

"Speaking of accusations, Dixierep Senator Lowell Kyte this anti matter charged that dicties were now responsible for nine-tenths of the felonies committed per anum—sorree!—per annum in his home state of Texas and that Fed efforts to quell the problem were a failure. Privately, officials of the Nark Force have been heard to express concern at the way GT's new product Triptine is catching the dicties' fancy."

Gerry Lindt is a draftee.

When we say "general" at GT we mean: GENERAL. We offer the career of a lifetime to anyone interested in astronautics, biology, chemistry, dynamics, eugenics, ferromagnetism, geology, hydraulics, industrial administration, jet propulsion, kinetics, law, metallurgy, nucleonics, optics, patent rights, quarkology, robotics, synthesis, telecommunications, ultrasonics, vacuum technology, work, Xrays, ylem, zoology. . . .

No, we didn't miss out your specialty. We just didn't have room for it in this ad.

Professor Doctor Sugaiguntung is head of the Tectogenetics Department at Dedication University in the Guided Socialist Democracy of Yatakang.

"The incidence of muckers continues to maintain its high: one in Outer Brooklyn yesterday accounted for 21 victims before the fuzzy-wuzzies

fused him, and another is still at large in Evanston, Ill., with a total of eleven and three injured. Across the sea in London a woman mucker took out four as well as her own three-month-old baby before a mind-present standerby clobbered her. Reports also from Rangoon, Lima and Auckland notch the day's toll to 69."

Grace Rowley is seventy-seven and going a bit weak in the head.

Here today and gone tomorrow isn't good enough for us in this modern age.

Here today and gone today is the pidgin we pluck.

The Right Honorable Zadkiel F. Obomi is the president of Beninia.

"Westaway a piece or two, a stiff note was received in Washington this antimatter from the Yatakangi government, claiming naval units working out of Isola had trespassed into Yatakang's territorial waters. Officials will be polite, but it's an open secret Yatakang's hundred-island territory gives refuge all the time to Chinese aquabandits who sneak out from so-called neutral ports and ambush U.S. patrols in mid-ocean. . . ."

Olive Almerio is the most successful baby-farmer in Puerto Rico.

You know the coddlers who keep one, two, three shiggies on the string. You know the shiggies who every weekend blast off with a different codder. Envy them?

Needn't.

Like any other human activity this one can be learned. We teach it, in courses tailored to your preferences.

Mrs. Grundy Memorial Foundation (may she spin in her grave).

Chad C. Mulligan was a sociologist. He gave it up.

"Last week's State Forest fires on the West Coast that laid low hundreds of square miles of valuable timber destined for plastics, paper and organic chemicals were today officially attributed to sabotage by Forestry Commissioner Wayne C. Charles. As yet it is uncertain to whom the guilt belongs: treacherous so-called partisans among our own, or infiltrating reds."

Jogajong is a revolutionary.

The word is EPTIFY.

Don't look in the dictionary.

It's too new for the dictionary.

But you'd better learn what it implies.

EPTIFY. We do it to you.

Pierre and Jeannine Clodard are both the children of *pieds-noirs*, unsurprisingly as they are brother and sister.

"Tornado warnings are out in the following states . . ."

Jeff Young is "the man to go to" anywhere west of the Rockies for the rather specialized goods he handles: time-fuzes, explosives, thermite, strong acids and sabotage bacteria.

"Turning to the gossipy side: once again the rumor goes the rounds that the small independent African territory of Beninia is in economic chaos. President Kouté of Dahomalia in a speech at Bamako warned the RUNGs that if they attempted to exploit the situation all necessary steps to counter . . ."

Henry Butcher is an enthusiastic proselytizer for the panacea he believes in.

(RUMOR Believe all you hear. Your world may not be a better one than the one the blocks live in but it'll be a sight more vivid.

—*The Hipcrime Vocab* by Chad C. Mulligan)

It is definite that the man known as Begi is not alive. On the other hand, in at least one sense he isn't dead either.

"Also it's noised that Burton Dent is bivving it again, in that he was seen scorting former fuel supply Edgar Jewel into the particulate stages of this antimatter. Meantime, Pacific time, it looks like Fenella Koch his spouse of three years may be turning spousiness into spiciness with cream-dream Zoë Laigh. Like the slogan says—why not equals why ker-not!"

Mr. & Mrs. Everywhere are construct identities, the new century's equivalent of the Joneses, except that with them you don't have to keep up. You

buy a personalized TV with homimage attachment which ensures that Mr. & Mrs. Everywhere look, and talk, and move like you.

(HIPCRIME You committed one when you opened this book. Keep it up. It's our only hope.

—*The Hipcrime Vocab* by Chad C. Mulligan)

Bennie Noakes sits in front of a set tuned to SCANALYZER orbiting on Triptine and saying over and over, "Christ what an imagination I've got!"

"And to close on, the Dept of Small Consolations. Some troubledome just figured out that if you allow for every codder and shiggy and apple-ofmyeye a space one foot by two you could stand us all on the six hundred forty square mile surface of the island of Zanzibar. ToDAY third MAY twenty-TEN come aGAIN!"

continuity (2)

THE DEAD HAND OF THE PAST

Norman strode out of the elevator door prepared to let go one of his rare, always calculated blasts of temper, under which any of his subordinates would cringe into guilt. He had hardly seen the interior of Shalmaneser's vault when his toe struck something on the floor.

He glanced at it.

It was a human hand severed at the wrist.

"Now my grandfather on my mother's side," Ewald House said, "was a one-arm man."

Age six, Norman looked up at his great-grandfather with circular eyes, not understanding everything that the old man told him, but aware that this was important in the same way as not wetting his bed or not getting too friendly with Curtis Smith's boy of his own age but white.

"Not sort of neat and tidy like you see nowadays," said Ewald House. "Not an ampytee. Not done surgical in a hospital. He was born a slave, see, and. . . ."

"He was a lef'-handed man, see. What he did, he—he raised the fist of wrath against his bawss. Hit him ears over ankles inter the crick. So the bawss called up five-six field-han's chain him to a stump they had in the forty-acre field and just natcherly took a saw and. . . ."

"And sawed it. 'Bout here." He touched his own scrawny pipe-stem of an arm three inches below the elbow.

"Nothing he coulda done about it. He was born a slave."

This time, very still, very calm, Norman *looked* at the interior of the vault. He saw the hand's owner writhing and moaning on the floor, clutching his wrist and trying to find pressure points on the leaking bloodvessels through a fog of intolerable agony. He saw the smashed reading table whose fragments were crunching under the feet of the panicky, mind-absent staff. He saw the light in the eyes of the pallid white girl, breathing orgasmically deep, who was standing off her attackers with her bloody blade.

Also he saw, up there on the balcony, more than a hundred idiots.

He disregarded what was happening in the middle of the floor and walked over to a panel set into the wall of the vault. Two quick twists of the fastenings and it fell away, revealing a network of heavy insulated pipes as tangled as the tails of a king rat.

He hauled on a quadrant valve; struck a union a sharp blow with the side of his hand, too quick for the chill of it to penetrate his skin; and put one of the hoses under his arm so he could lean on it and drag it after him. There would be enough free length for his purposes.

He stared at the girl as he approached her.

Divine Daughter. Probably called Dorcas or Tabitha or Martha. Thinking of killing. Thinking of smashing. A typical Christian reaction.

You murdered your Prophet. Ours died old and full of honor. You would kill yours again, and cheerfully. If ours came back I could speak to him like a friend.

Six feet from her, the pipe scritchng across the floor like the scales of a monstrous snake, he stopped. Uncertain about this man with the dark skin and the cold, dead stare, she hesitated, poising the axe to chop at him, then having second thoughts and thinking: this must be a distraction, a trap.

She glanced wildly about her, expecting to find someone preparing to take her from the rear. But the staff had recognized what Norman had brought with him, and were sidling away.

"Nothing he coulda done about it. . . ."

Convulsively he opened the valve on the end of the pipe and held it to a count of three.

There was a hiss, and snow fell, and something laid white ice on the axe, and the hand holding it, and the arm above the hand. There was an endless instant of nothing happening.

And then the weight of the axe broke the girl's hand off her arm.

"Liquid helium," Norman said briefly for the benefit of the watchers, and let the pipe fall clang to the floor. "Dip your finger in it, it snaps off like a dry stick. Don't try it is my advice. And don't believe what you hear about Teresa, either."

He didn't look at the girl, who had keeled over—fainting or possibly dead from the shock—but only at the frosted form of the hand still gripping the axe's heft. There should have been some sort of response, if no more than pride in his own quick thinking. There was nothing. His mind, his heart, seemed as frozen as that meaningless object on the floor.

He turned on his heel toward the elevator again, aware of a terrible disappointment.

Zink moved closer to Stal.

"Hey-hey!" he said. "Made it worth coming, huh? Let's go raise a bushel of whaledreck tonight, clear from the floor of the ocean. That put me square on the proper orbit!"

"No," Stal said, eyes fixed on the door through which the brown-nose had disappeared. "Not in this town. I don't like the kind of enforcement they keep here."

continuity (9)

Divided Against Itself

Like the monstrous shaped negative-plate of an explosive forming press the environment clamped itself on the personality of Donald Hogan, as a hand clenched around a lump of putty will leave the ridges between fingers, the imprint of the cuticular pattern. He felt his individuality squirt away from him into the darkness, carrying off in solution his power to conceive and act on decisions, reducing him to a reactive husk at the mercy of external events. Some social theorists had argued that urban man was now at the point of unstable equilibrium; the camel's back of his rationality was vulnerable to a straw. Gadarene swine rooting and grunting at the top of a hill overlooking the sea, people sensed this, said the theorists, and therefore when there was an option to do otherwise they did not venture to crowd themselves still further into the already crammed cities. In countries such as India there was no alternative: starvation was slower in an urban community because people were closer to the distribution points for subsistence rations, and mere lethargy induced by hunger reduced friction and outbursts

of violence to a sporadic level. But comparatively well-nourished American and European populations might be tipped over the precipice with no more warning than the sort of aura of irritability for which one carried a pack of trunks.

The last coherent thought Donald was capable of formulating declared that it was one thing to have read of this risk, another altogether to watch it being proved real.

Then the world took over and he was lost.

FOCUS: the prowlie. White-painted, trapezoidal vehicle thirteen feet long by seven wide, its wheels out of sight underneath for protection against shots, dispersed around the flat slab tank of the fuel-cell powering it, its forward cabin for four men windowed with armor-glass and additionally screened with retractable wire grilles, its rear section designed for carrying off arrestees and if necessary the injured having a solid metal drop-down tailgate with stretcher rails and a sleepy-gas air-circulation system. On the nose, two brilliant white lights with a field of 150°, one extinguished because the driver had waited too long to roll up the wire screen and protect it; on each corner of the roof other lights with adjustable beam-spread; revolving in a small turret on the roof, a gas-gun shooting fragmenting glass grenades to a distance of sixty yards; under the skirt, for ultimate emergency use only, oil-jets that could flood the adjacent street with a small sea of fire to keep back attackers while the occupants waited out the period till help arrived, breathing through masks from a stored-air system. It was vulnerable to mines, to three successive hand-gun bolts striking within about two inches of each other on the shell, or to the collapse of a building, but to nothing else encountered during an average urban riot. However, its fuel-cell was inadequate to push out of the way either the stationary cab ahead, whose brakes were automatically set because its door was open, or the lamppost dropped across its stern, which had now been wedged in position with much sweating and swearing against its own stump on the one side, and a well-anchored mailbox on the other.

FOREGROUND: materialized as though from air, crowding the sidewalk, scores—hundreds—of people, mostly Afram, some Puerto Rican, some WASP. One girl with an electronic accordion, fantastically loud at maximum volume, making windows rattle and cardrums hum, shrieking a song through a shouter which others took up and stamped to the rhythm of: "What shall we do with our fair city, dirty and dangerous, smelly and shitty?" Clang on the body of the prowlie whatever they could find to throw—lumps of concrete, garbage, bottles, cans. How long before the gas-gun and the flaming oil?

SETTING: the uniform twelve-story faces of the buildings, each occupying a block or a half a block, hardly punctuated by the canyon streets because the abandonment of cars within the city meant that a one-way lane for the use of official vehicles or cabs was enough. Buses ran only to the next corner left, two corners away right. The sidewalks were defined by four-inch concrete barriers, small enough to step over, high enough to prevent any legally passing vehicle from running into a pedestrian. On the face of almost every building, some sort of advertising display, so that spectators in upper rooms looked out of shabby oceans, the middle of a letter O, or the crotch of a receptive girl. A single exception to the cliff-wall nature of the street was formed by the adventure playground, like the intrusion of Einstein into the ordered world of Euclid.

DETAIL: the face of the building against which he cowered, opposite the playground, was ornamented more than the average of its neighbors, possessing both a broad stoop above street level for access to the interior and a number of integral buttresses, flat-faced, arranged in pairs with a gap of about two feet between each, tapering from a thickness of two feet at the bottom to nothing at the level of the fourth floor. One of these embrasures sufficed to shield him from light, the passing and re-passing rioters, and the hurling of improvised missiles. Clanging of metal above made him look up. Someone was trying to get the retractable fire-escapes to angle outward from the wall instead of straight down, so that from their vantage point things could be dropped on the roof of the trapped prowlie.

Fsst-crack. Fsst-crack. Whir-fsst-crack.

Gas-gun.

Grenades smashing against the walls of the buildings, each releasing a quart of sluggish vapor that oozed down into the narrow culvert of the street. The first victims coughed, howled and keeled over, having sucked in a full concentrated dose, and those lucky enough to be out of range of the first salvo ducked to the ground and hustled away crouching.

Fsst-crack. Whir-fsst-crack.

The girl whose mouth he had cut was staggering away from the middle of the street, coming toward him. Possessed of some vague impulse to help, Donald emerged from the shelter of the embrasure between the buttresses and called to her. She came because she heard a friendly voice, not seeing who spoke, and a clubbed arm slammed at the back of his left shoulder. From the corner of his eye he saw the hand was Afram. He ducked, dodged. The gas-gun crashed grenades on this side of the street now, and the first whiffs made breathing hateful. Those who had evaded gassing so far were

taking to the skeletal branches of the playground like archetypal proto-man eluding a pack of wolves. The girl saw her brother, who had hit Donald, and together they hurried to the corner of the street, forgetting him. He followed because everyone was going away in one direction or another.

At the corner: late arrivals following a group of yonder-boys who had equipped themselves with sticks and big empty cans to make drums of, and howling with joy on seeing the stuck prowlie.

"Gas!"

The shouting faltered. There was a store across the road which had been open under automated supervision; the owner or manager had turned up and was hastily slamming the wire grilles over the display windows and the entrance, trapping three customers who seemed relieved rather than annoyed. An anonymous hand flung a rock through the last exposed window, which happened to have a liquor stand behind it. Cans and bottles thundered down, a heap of the former jammed the grille before it could rise and lock in place, and several of the crowd decided that was a better target than the prowlie.

Overhead a roaring noise. One of the tiny one-man copters capable of being maneuvered between the tops of the high buildings and the Fuller Dome whose blushing underside formed Manhattan's sky was scouting the scene to notify police headquarters of the extent of the disturbance. From a skylight somewhere away to the right there came a bang—an old-fashioned sporting gun. The copter wobbled and came down into the middle of the street, vanes screaming as the pilot fought for altitude. Mad with delight at having a fuzzy wuzzy delivered into their hands the crowd went forward to greet him with clubs.

Donald fled.

On the next corner he found riot containment procedure already under way. Two water-trucks with hoses going were methodically washing people off the sidewalks into doorways. He turned at hazard in the opposite direction and shortly encountered sweep-trucks, paddywagons adapted with big snowplough-like arms on either side, serving the same purpose as the hoses but much less gentle. Keeping the crowd on the move was supposed to take away the chance of their organizing into coherent resistance. Also, another one-man copter droned down and started shedding gas-grenades into the street.

He was one of about fifty people being hustled and driven ahead of the official vehicles because they were off their own manor and had no place to go. He worked his way toward the wall of the building because some people, he saw, were dodging into hallways and vanishing, but at the first door he came close enough to stand a fair chance of entering there were two

Aframs armed with clubs who said, "You don't live here, WASP—blast off before you get stung."

At an intersection two hose-trucks and the sweep-truck he was running from coincided. A mass of people from all three streets was shoved into the fourth, taking them back toward the focus of the trouble. Now they were body to body, stumbling on each other's heels and shrieking.

The prowlic was still stuck where it had been. Its driver sounded a blast of welcome to his colleagues in the sweep-truck. The gas had mostly dispersed, leaving victims choking and vomiting, but there was no end in sight to the riot. On the concrete arms of the playground men and women were still bellowing the song that the girl with the electronic accordion thundered out for them: "*Find you a hammer, and SMASH IT DOWN!*" Virtually every window had been broken and glass crunched underfoot. The human beings were being shoveled together with the garbage into one vast rubbish pile, not only in the direction from which Donald was coming but from the other end of the street as well. The stock plan had been applied: close the area, keep 'em moving, jam 'em together and pack 'em off.

Adventurous mind-present youths jumped up on the arms of the sweep-truck as it passed the adventure playground and from there leapt to the security of the random concrete branches. Donald was too late to copy them; by the time he thought of it he had been forced on by.

Mindlessly he pushed and thrust and shouted like everyone else, hardly noticing whether it was a man or a woman he jostled, an Afram or a WASP. The gas-gun on the sweep-truck discharged grenades over his head and the booming music died in mid-chord. A whiff of the gas reached Donald's nose and wiped away the last trace of rationality. Both arms flailing, careless of who hit him so long as he could hit back, he struggled toward the people from the opposite direction now impacting on the group he was enmeshed with.

Settling on the roofs with a howl of turbines: paddycopters to net and carry off the rioters, like some obscene cross between a spider and a vulture. He sobbed and gasped and punched and kicked and did not feel the answering blows. A dark face rose before his eyes and seemed familiar and all he could think of was the boy he had fired his Jettigun at, the one whose sister had attacked him in retaliation, so that he struck her in the mouth and made her bleed. Terrified, he began to batter the man confronting him.

"Donald! Stop it, Donald—stop it!"

More gas rained down from crunching grenades. He lost the energy needed to drive his fists and a modicum of sanity returned to him before he blacked out. He said, "Norman. Oh my God. Norman. I'm so—"

The apology, the recipient, the speaker, whirled together into nothing.